

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



"THE LANDGRAVINE APPROACHED THE BED, AND GAZED WITH UNMISTAKEABLE PLEASURE ON THE LOVELY BABE AND ITS STILL HANDSOME MOTHER."

## BARTHEL WINKLER.

A TALE OF HESSE DARMSTADT.

### CHAPTER III.

WINKLER ran more than he walked home, for his heart was pent full with all that had happened to him that day, and he longed to get his tongue a-wagging to his better half. But if he expected (as doubtless he did) to have all he related received

as truth, he reckoned without his host; for his good wife exhibited nothing of the credulity of which her sex is accused. On the contrary, she questioned and cross-questioned, doubted and surmised, with many a sapient shake of the head, so that at last the schoolmaster, accustomed in his own domain to implicit acceptance of all his theories, not to say his facts, felt not a little surprised, and, if truth must be told, somewhat vexed.

But when the good woman wound up by saying, with a smile, in which a shade of self-complacent triumph might be detected, "Barthel, Barthel, your new acquaintance has, I fear, been making game of you after all—there are no lack of such jesters in Darmstadt;" the schoolmaster could bear it no longer, but called out: "Stop, wife; I won't listen to that. You do cruel injustice to a man whose honest face, and frank noble bearing, could never belong to a deceiver. And now I think of it," (he fumbled in his pocket as he spoke,) "I have something here which may give you a better opinion of my sagacity. I was to give this to you, Mr. Landgrave said, with his kindest greetings, and to tell you to nurse yourself well, and want for nothing." So saying, honest Winkler put the little packet into his wife's hand, who became pale with affright when, on its being opened, four shining gold ducats fell out on the counterpane.

"See now, Maggy," cried out Winkler to the thunderstruck woman; "see now, and confess my new friend is no Darmstadt jester, but a gentleman, every inch of him."

But who can he be? was now the question eagerly canvassed by both husband and wife, and it remained as dark and unsolved at the end as at the beginning of the discussion; for the more they beat their brains, the less satisfied were they with the conjectured solution to which it led them, so that at last they gave up guessing, and concurred in the conclusion that their Benjamin Ludwig had happened upon sponsors who would *certainly be no loss to him.*

On Saturday morning, Winkler went to the parish minister for the double purpose of getting the baby's birth duly registered, and of appointing the baptism for the next morning. The clergyman was a venerable old man, who knew his schoolmaster well and appreciated him highly; and to Winkler's joyful surprise he accosted him with: "I know all about it, schoolmaster. Mr. Forestwarden sent me a note early this morning, containing all that I need to know, and he himself will be here in good time for church to-morrow morning."

And now, with what alacrity did Winkler hurry home to carry that good news piping hot to his wife. The distance between the parsonage and school-house was not great, but it seemed interminable to Winkler's impatience; and when he did at length reach his wife's bedside, so great was the fulness of his joy, that, in its overflowings, he forgot to lay the smallest emphasis on his own superior discernment.

Dame Winkler was now perfectly satisfied and at rest, save in one particular, but that was no unimportant one, viz. the dinner arrangements. In vain Winkler called her a very Martha, and reminded her that Mary's was the preferable example to follow; she insisted that one point of unfulfilled duty remained to be performed, namely, the providing of suitable dishes for the viands Mr. Landgrave had promised to send; and as they themselves were but scantily provided with such articles, she opined that it would be desirable, and in such circumstances allowable, to ask the loan of plates and dishes from the parsonage.

On this subject too, however, the schoolmaster succeeded at last in quieting her restless anxiety, by suggesting that such a request could most properly be made when they saw *what* was sent, and consequently could say what number of dishes was required. Being luckily compelled to be inactive, the good dame contrived at length to become placid and composed also, and was therefore the better prepared to bear up under the still greater surprises which awaited her.

Late that night drove up to the school-house door a waggon of a very singular appearance. It was very long, proportionably broad, unusually high, and covered over by a roof of painted linen canvas. Under a sort of canopy in front sat three men, who, as soon as the waggoner (who rode the near left-hand wheeler) drew up at the door, sprang down, and without further ceremony entered the house, and to the astonishment, and, truth to say, somewhat to the alarm of the worthy schoolmaster, they straightway began operations in a style that made his hair stand on end. In the first place, the schoolroom was turned topsy-turvy, every article of its furniture being unceremoniously turned out of doors, with the exception of the tables, which were forthwith overlaid with linen, so fine, so white, and so glossy, as never before had greeted Winkler's eyes. Next were removed from the waggon's dark recesses, boxes and hampers of all sizes, which were straightway deposited along the schoolroom wall, for the convenience of unpacking, which operation put the finishing stroke to the schoolmaster's astonishment; for, as box after box was opened, he saw thence removed and placed on the table, not pewter nor even china, but real silver dishes, on which were duly arranged cold roast meats of various names, pasties of unknown forms and most appetizing savour, and tarts and cakes which seemed enough of themselves to satisfy the hunger of the "baker's dozen." When the centre of the table was thus adorned, it was duly flanked by rows of silver plates, garnished by spoons and forks of the same precious metal, while the knives had silver handles; and from distance to distance, along both sides of the pretty long schoolroom table, were ranged flasks of wine, both red and white.

When at length all was arranged to their satisfaction, the three serving men withdrew, and the chief of the band, locking the door after him, deliberately put the key in his pocket.

Winkler reported all these proceedings with minute exactness to his wondering dame, who was at first strongly inclined to believe in necromancy, but was afterwards seized with a fit of such intense curiosity, that, but for the happy intervention of the *peep-window*, (a contrivance of Winkler, in order to get an occasional glance from his chamber at what was passing in the school) through which she was enabled to see with her own eyes "confirmation strong" of her husband's description, the consequences might have been fatal. Lastly, the "wise woman" begged for a peep, and when she got her nose pressed against the glass of the peep-window, she clapped her hands above her head, exclaiming, "Oh dear! it looks, for all the world, as if the villagers were right after all, for they do say the

child's god-father can be nothing short of his gracious highness the Landgrave himself."

Betimes the baby was dressed, and a lovely baby it was; and what was more, it had on the same christening robe which had been worn eleven times before.

But now at last the church bells began to ring, and poor Winkler was alternately cold and hot, for no sign of the sponsors appeared.

All at once he heard a rush of many feet just in front of the house: he hurried to the window, and his senses threatened to forsake him; there he saw, walking straight up to the door, a fine portly gentleman with a star on his left breast, which so shone and sparkled in the sunlight, that the dazzled eye could not gaze upon it; and leaning on his arm was a noble looking lady, in full dress; whilst at the gentleman's other side walked, with a deeply deferential air, the venerable clergyman. Behind this first group came three high-born dames, and after them three gentlemen, dressed in garments all stiff with gold embroidery, and each having a gold key dangling at his hip.

Honest Winkler shook in every limb, and could scarcely muster voice to call out to his wife: "They are coming! But wife—Peggy—Maggy, I say, the forest-warden is our gracious master, the Landgrave! What will become of us? Oh, what shall I do?"

"Do? why, go out and receive him," cried the dame, with true woman's tact. "Go, Barthel, go to meet them, I say, or I must get up to do it."

And go he did at last, though pale as a ghost; so that the Landgrave, who encountered him on the threshold, saw how it was, and, holding out his hand, said kindly: "I believe you are petrified to find your good friend the forest-warden turned into the Landgrave; but there you are quite wrong, my good Winkler, and if you wish to please me, you will be just as frank and free here as you were in the wood where our acquaintance began. Cheer up, man, and bid the godmother welcome, for here she is." And with a merry glance the prince presented the Landgravine to the astonished schoolmaster.

But he that imagines all this condescension could enable friend Winkler to utter one word, little knows the consternating whirl which had taken possession of his mind. Nothing but bow after bow, and those of the most awkward description, could he accomplish until a few friendly words from the well-known voice of his venerated pastor restored the poor man so far to himself, as to enable him to conduct the illustrious visitors to the small but exquisitely clean and orderly chamber in which mother and child were located.

At their first entrance, some confusion arose from the difficulty of finding a sufficiency of seats to offer; but women are much readier than men in accommodating themselves to circumstances, and after having by a glance helped each to find his proper place, the Landgravine came close to the side of the bed, and gazed with unmistakeable pleasure on the lovely babe and its young-looking and still handsome mother. By command of the princess, a large package was now brought in, contain-

ing a goodly assortment of neat but not unsuitably fine baby clothes; and one dress, specially designed for the christening, was by her highness's desire instantly put in use; and the time of divine service having now fully come, the whole party was soon seen advancing towards the church.

Happy it was that the clergyman had succeeded in bringing Winkler to his senses, for he was organist, and no bad performer either; and when once engaged in his sacred avocation, he led the psalmody, both with hand and voice, in a style which gave no indication of his previous distraction.

After listening to a plain but impressive gospel sermon, the Landgrave, accompanied by his illustrious consort, advanced to the font, and the baptismal ceremony was reverently performed; after which the christening feast was held, to which both parson and *schultheiss*\* were invited.

But many a village dinner suffered that day from the effect of the princely visit. The result of neglect was perceptible in every pot of pottage; for what housewife could resist peering her utmost to get a glimpse of their high mightinesses; and where was the tongue, male or female, which could be weary of rehearsing the honours showered upon their schoolmaster (who, being much beloved, was less envied than might have been expected); while a multitude of all ages congregated in front of the schoolhouse, shouting, "Long life to our good and gracious *Landes-Vater* (country's father)."

When the meal was ended, the servants recommenced their activity; but this time, the dishes alone were returned to the boxes, and then to the waggon; all the eatables were ordered to be left for future consumption; and the nurse, aided by the eldest daughter of the house, knew not where to find pots, and bowls, and dishes, to receive all the provision that was left.

Meantime, the princely pair prepared to depart, feeling in their own bosoms no inconsiderable portion of the joy they had been the means of diffusing. But their bounty was not limited to meats and drinks, which, however plentiful, could only last for a few days; for the Landgravine, in saying good-bye to the dame, contrived to lay down a rouleau of money on the bed, while the Landgrave deposited on it a paper to which a mighty seal was attached. The nurse was not forgotten, and could relate to wondering village ears the story of such a payment as she had never received either before or afterwards. And having thus sowed the seed of future prosperity, the benevolent rulers of Hesse Darmstadt walked quietly back to the parsonage, where they had left their equipages, amidst a burst of popular enthusiasm that made the welkin ring.

When the proud and happy father returned after all was over to his wife's bedside, he found her weeping for joy. The rouleau consisted of gold pieces, and such riches had never before met her wondering eyes. "But read this, Barthel; oh, read it," cried the overjoyed woman.

\* A species of village magistrate, charged with settling petty disputes and maintaining order among the peasantry.

And he did read; but what? No less than a pension, under the Landgrave's own hand and seal, of sixty guildens additional, to the schoolmaster for life, (in order, as it expressly stated, to enable him to educate his numerous family,) with the further declaration, that this sum of sixty guildens should be "continued to the widow during all the time of her natural life." Within the larger document lay a little note, in which the Landgrave pledged himself to care for the fortunes of his godchild in future years.

Long did Winkler stand in speechless amazement, until at length large tears rolled down his cheeks, and he stammered forth: "He was to be called Benjamin, and in one sense he should still be named so; but now he must bear the honoured name of Ludwig, after the most generous and noble benefactor a poor man ever had; and may the Lord God, who put it into our beloved sovereign's heart to help us, bless and keep him in time and in eternity." And with clasped hands, and tearful eyes raised to heaven, the mother added her heartfelt Amen.

## CANADA.

### PART II.

At the time when the resolve was taken to make a bold dash at the key of Canada, there was a soldier of no standing in the Army List, and low too in the list of colonels—James Wolfe. But while a mere youth he had received the thanks of his general on the field of La Feldt; had distinguished himself greatly at the siege and capture of Louisburg; and stood high in the esteem of competent judges of military ability. He was still but a young man, when, at the instance of Pitt, the Gazette announced his promotion to the rank of major-general, and his appointment to command the expedition against Quebec. The fleet left our shores in February, 1759, carrying nearly 8000 land forces, and finally assembled for the meditated blow, in the magnificent harbour of Halifax. On the 25th of June, the armament reached the fair and fertile island of Orleans, immediately below the stronghold to be assailed; and the troops disembarked. The scene must have filled the mind of the general with anxiety as he advanced to the farther extremity of the island to reconnoitre. High waved the flag of France over the citadel on the bold headland, while every available point of the cliffs bristled with guns; and 12,000 troops, regulars and militia, were grouped in masses on the heights to defend the place. The Marquis de Vaudreuil was the governor; M. de Montcalm, the commander-in-chief. The two authorities were at variance. An incident illustrates the popular excitement. On the approach of the squadron, the van ships at first hoisted French colours; and the joyful news spread along shore that the fleet was from France, with powerful reinforcements for the colony. A priest stood looking with delight through a telescope at the vessels, and no sooner discovered the mistake, than, overwhelmed with consternation, he fell dead on the spot.

For upwards of two months all Wolfe's operations were signal failures. The advance of the season warned him that he must retire discomfited before the all-conquering winter, if not soon successful. His health gave way. On the 9th of September he wrote to England his last letter, closing it with the desponding remark: "I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it." Yet at this moment he had resolved to adopt the plan which led him on to victory and death; and his discouraging despatch reached its destination only two days before news of his success arrived. The merit of suggesting the daring scheme belongs to a subordinate, Colonel Townshend. For eight or nine miles the north bank of the St. Lawrence is a precipice, sometimes overhanging high-water mark, in other parts receding, so as to leave mud banks or alluvial fields between the river and the base of the towering cliffs. At every point where there seemed any possibility of scaling the heights, the face of the rock was scarped, and the summit crowned with a parapet. But after anxious search a narrow path was discovered winding up from the water's edge, about three miles above the city. A few tents at the top showed that it was not undefended, and yet so little likely to become the pathway of an army, that only a small guard was stationed at it. The place, then called Le Foullon, now bears the name of Wolfe's Cove.

On a starlight night, amid profound silence, the troops were conveyed in flat-bottomed boats to the spot, led by Wolfe in person. The rowers touched the water as gently as possible. None spoke besides the young General, who recited a few verses of Gray's *Elegy* to some of his officers, and made the remark, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!" A company of Highlanders began the ascent, scrambling up one after another, laying hold of rocky projections, and the roots and branches of trees. They were more than half way up when the sentinel over-head cried out "Qui vive?" to which the leader, Captain McDonald, responded with great presence of mind, "La France." The sentry pursued his round; and when the guard, thoroughly alarmed, turned out, a sufficient number of assailants had gained the height to secure the post. By the break of day the whole force was in position above the cove, on the Plains of Abraham, and marching in the direction of the city, before the garrison was aware of the debarkation. Montcalm, though completely outwitted, imprudently determined to court a struggle in the open field; and by ten o'clock, 7520 French, besides Indians, stood opposed to 4828 British. But the latter were veteran troops, while the former consisted largely of provincial militia.

Short, decisive, and not sanguinary, was the battle of September the 14th; but it was fatal to both commanders. Wolfe, struck by a ball in the wrist, wrapped a handkerchief round the wound, and continued cheering his men. He was a second time wounded in the body, but concealed his suffer-



ing. At last a ball reached his breast. "Support me," said he, to an officer at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." He was carried a little to the rear, placed on the ground, but could not support himself in a sitting posture. "See, they run," said one near him, in allusion to the French, who were flying in all directions. "Who runs?" inquired the dying man. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Now I die happy," said he, and in a few moments was lifeless. At no great distance Montcalm fell, and was conveyed into the city. On being informed by the surgeon that his wound was mortal, he calmly asked, "How long can I survive?" "Perhaps a day; perhaps less," was the answer. "So much the better," rejoined he; "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." When visited by the governor of the city, who came to receive his commands for its defence, he refused to occupy himself with worldly affairs. "My time is short," he remarked, "so pray leave me. I wish you all comfort, and to be happily extricated from your present difficulties." He expired late the same evening. Three days afterwards Quebec surrendered. A monumental pillar on a lofty situation in the city, erected by Lord Dalhousie, commemorates the two generals. A small and simple monument on the Plains of Abraham, raised by Lord Aylmer, has the inscription, with the date, "Here Wolfe died victorious." His body was brought to England, and interred in the family vault at Greenwich. The following is the inscription on a cenotaph erected in Westerham Church:—

The Monument to the memory of General Wolfe in this church was erected April the 5th, 1760. The expense was defrayed by a subscription of the following gentlemen:—

Ranulph Manning.	John Cosyne.
Ralph Manning.	John Bodicote.
Thomas Ellison.	Jonathan Chilwell.
Pendock Price.	George Lewis, Vicar.

James,  
Son of Colonel Edward Wolfe, and  
Henrietta, his Wife,  
Was born in this Parish, Jan. 2nd,  
MDCCLXXVII,  
And died in America, September 13th,  
MDCCLIX,  
Conqueror of Quebec.

Whilst George in sorrow bows his laurel'd head,  
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,  
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,  
Brave youth, the fairest in the list of fame.  
Proud of thy birth, we boast the auspicious year;  
Struck with thy fall, we shed a general tear;  
With humble grief inscribe our artless stone,  
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

*Decus Nostrum.*

The campaign lasted nearly a twelvemonth longer. One of its closing incidents reflects more honour on the commander, General Amherst, than the triumph of his arms. There was a French post of some importance upon an island in the river above Montreal, which surrendered at discretion on his approach. A body of Indians with him, secretly determined to seize the opportunity for vengeance by massacring and scalping the prisoners. But their intention happily transpired. Amherst tried to dissuade them from the project, promised them all the valuables in the fort, and warned them that if they persisted he would have

recourse to force to restrain them. The wild red men submitted, but were so indignant at being interfered with, that he was told they would leave the army. He at once replied: "Although I wish to retain their friendship, I will not purchase it at the expense of countenancing barbarity; and tell them that if they commit any acts of cruelty on their return home, I will assuredly chastise them." Great atrocities were committed by the Indians on both sides, during the war. The capture of Fort William Henry, by Lake George, in the State of New York, towards the beginning of the strife, left a dark stain on the memory of Montcalm, for all the English prisoners were butchered by his savage allies. The fatal spot is a mere wild now, with scarcely a trace of the long-contested earthwork, on the event connected with which the ablest American tale of fiction is built.

Surrounded at last in Montreal by an overwhelming force, the Marquis de Vaudreuil gave up the struggle, and signed the capitulation, September the 8th, 1760, which for ever separated Canada from France.

No people were ever better treated by their conquerors than the Canadians. The regular troops marched out of their respective posts with the honours of war, and were conveyed in British ships to France, with the simple undertaking of not serving again before the conclusion of peace. The civil functionaries were likewise provided with the means of removal to their own country, and were allowed to take away their goods, with the exception of such official papers as might be useful to their successors. The provincial militia, and the Indians who had espoused the cause of the French, were permitted to return unmolested to their homes. Private property was everywhere respected, and all classes were guaranteed the free exercise of their religion. There was much suffering, for it required time to repair the material damage inevitably incident to hostilities, and for society to recover from the disturbance surely offered to its relations. But the fact may be accepted as evidence of the people being reconciled to the change of masters, that they remained loyal to the British crown, when our American colonies confederated themselves into the United States. By the eleventh article of that confederation, the door was expressly opened for Canada to join the Union. But the opportunity was declined; nor, as a body, have the colonists since swerved from the royalist predilections of their fathers, though many malcontents there have been among them, restless and ambitious men eager for change, as in all free states there always will be.

At the outbreak of the brief war with the United States, in 1812, when the resources of Great Britain were taxed to the utmost by the long contest with Napoleon, the easy acquisition of Canada was confidently anticipated by the cabinet of Washington. "No soldiers would be necessary," according to Dr. Eustis, the Secretary at War. "We have only," said he, "to send officers into the provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own government, will rally round our standard." Mr. Clay was equally sanguine of success, and equally mis-

taken in judgment. "It is absurd to suppose," remarked the great statesman, "that we shall not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy's provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean. I am not for stopping at Quebec, or anywhere else, but I would take the whole continent from them, and ask them no favours." Never were expectations more completely disappointed; and Mr. Clay was one of the Commissioners who gladly put his name to the treaty of peace. A tall column on the Canadian shore of the Niagara river commemorates Sir Isaac Brock, who fell there in the moment of victory, to which the provincial militia essentially contributed. Similar attachment to the monarchy animated the population during the insurrectionary movement attempted by an agitator in the year 1837, when, to their lasting honour, the parties in power, though strong enough to conduct affairs with a high hand, gave earnest attention to alleged grievances, and immediately commenced every needful reform. The government of states, upon the principle of allowing free discussion and popular representation, will ever be clogged with its defects, but is more influential than any other form of policy in securing their permanent peace and prosperity.

Though not originally the mother-country in relation to this fine territory, Great Britain has become so by pouring thousands of her population into it, seeking no exclusive advantage from it, and presiding over its interests in a just and conciliatory spirit. Connected long with France, the people are French in the eastern or oldest settled districts, and British in the more recently occupied western provinces. The French are dearly attached to their native *Conodo*, as they invariably style the country, and very favourably contrast with their forefathers in morals and manners. Both races have the same political rights, equal representation in parliament, and no preference of nationality governs the appointment to public offices. They vote and levy their own taxes; the principle of local self-government is in active operation; and the full measure of personal liberty allowed on the banks of the Thames is enjoyed without stint on those of the St. Lawrence. Wonderfully has the region improved in the course of the last half century; and bright at present is the prospect of further advance. Canals have been constructed to connect rivers and avoid rapids. Lighthouses illuminate the lakes; ocean steamers come up to Montreal; and there the most gigantic bridge ever erected carries a railway across its magnificent stream. But not the least pleasant feature to us in the picture of the colony, is its freedom from the blighting curse of slavery, and its position as an asylum for the unfortunate negro, flying from ills past bearing in the south, where he may defy the tyrant to follow him, except in obedience to laws which forbid his tyranny. If any strengthening of the tie between Canada and the crown had been needed, that would have been supplied by the transatlantic visit of the Prince of Wales. But the occasion has been simply, on both sides, a graceful recognition of long-established friendship, for the tie itself has been aptly defined to be strong as iron, though light as silk.

### EDMUND WALLER'S "DIVINE POEMS."

We sometimes find effusions of religious poetry where we little expect to meet with them. As a proof of this, in the works of Waller, which are chiefly filled with complimentary verses to kings and governors, admirals and princesses, or gay flatteries of Amoret, Saccharissa, and other beauties of high degree, we come to a series of what he calls *divine*, meaning religious, poems. We subjoin a few specimens, not for the polish and graces of the composition, but for the humility and piety of the sentiment; and as furnishing grounds for the pleasing hope that he who had so long enjoyed the most brilliant fame as a wit and an orator, had at last seen the vanity of his former pursuits, and ere it was too late had found peace in the love and grace of the Redeemer.

"Though heaven shows the glory of the Lord,  
Yet something shines more glorious in his word:  
His mercy, this (which all his work excels)  
His tender kindness and compassion tells;  
While we, informed by that celestial book,  
Into the bowels of our Maker look.  
Love there revealed, which never shall have end,  
Nor had beginning, shall our song commend.

"If he create, it is a world he makes;  
If he be angry, the creation shakes;  
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;  
He cursed the earth, but bruised the serpent's head:  
Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,  
In the rich promise of the virgin's seed;  
Though justice death as satisfaction craves,  
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.  
His Son descends, to treat a peace with those  
Who were, and must have ever been, his foes.  
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,  
To make us humble, and to make us great.

"Love as he loved! A love so unconfined  
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.  
Self-love would cease or be dilated, when  
We should behold as many selves as men.  
All of one family, in blood allied,  
His precious blood that for our ransom died."

These poems were written, or rather dictated, when he was past fourscore; and to this circumstance he makes affecting allusion.

"Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;  
No other theme could give my soul delight.  
Oh that my youth had thus employed my pen!  
Or that I now could write as well as then!  
But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,  
Are felt as throes when we are born again.  
Timely they come to wean us from the earth,  
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

When we, for age, could neither read nor write,  
The subject made us willing to indite;  
The soul with nobler resolutions decked,  
The body stooping, does herself erect.  
No mortal parts are requisite to raise  
Her, that embodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er;  
So calm are we, when passions are no more.  
For then we know, how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection, from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age decrees.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home;  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

During his long life, which extended from the reign of James I to the year preceding the Revo-

lution, Waller was one of the most conspicuous men in England, though not always in conditions equally prosperous. He entered Parliament at the early age of eighteen, some say sixteen; so that, as Clarendon says, he was nursed in Parliaments; and Burnet calls him the delight of the house, though he never laid the business to heart, being a vain and empty though a witty man. He was entangled in a plot against the Parliament in 1643, and narrowly escaped with his life. His brother-in-law and another conspirator were hanged; he himself, after the most abject solicitations, was imprisoned for a year, fined £10,000, and permitted to recollect himself in another country. He lived at Paris with great splendour and hospitality; but, becoming much reduced, and obliged to sell his wife's jewels, he solicited from Cromwell permission to return to England, and obtained it. He lived familiarly with Cromwell, and afterwards with Charles II and James II.

Towards the decline of life, he bought a small house with a little land at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire, his birth-place, and said he should be glad to die, like the stag, where he was roused. He died, however, not there, but at Beaconsfield, on the 21st of October, 1687. As his disease, which was dropsy, increased upon him, he composed himself for his departure, and, calling upon Dr. Birch to give him the holy sacrament, he desired his children to take it with him, and made an earnest declaration of his faith in Christianity. It now appeared what part of his conversation with the great could be remembered with comfort. He related that, being present when the Duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, "My lord, I am a great deal older than your grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them; and so, I hope, your grace will."

From such a frame of mind, and such poetry as we have shown him to have written, we fondly hope that the great change had passed upon him, and that he died with prospects far more valuable than all his riches, eloquence, and fame.

### THE LOG HUT.

AN INCIDENT IN BACKWOODS LIFE.

Snow was the predominating feature in the scene. The ground was covered with it to the depth of three feet; the branches of the pines were laden with it, and the sky was darkened by it as the flakes fell thickly, silently—one might almost say stealthily—over the forest, whose desolate solitudes it rendered, if possible, still more dreary.

Two men stood on the top of a drifted mound surveying the scene before them, but not with sentimental gaze. They were trappers, or fur-traders—stalwart men both of them, whose lives had been spent in the North American wilderness, within hail of the arctic circle, and whose minds were not given to romance about the aspect of Nature in any of its phases. They were clad in the deer-skin hunting tunics, leggings, and mocassins peculiar to

the fur-traders of those regions. Long single-barrelled, flint-locked fowling-pieces—clumsy of make, apt to burst, and known in the country as "Indian guns"—rested on their shoulders; and to their feet were attached snow-shoes of the usual gigantic proportions—five feet long, or thereabouts, by fourteen inches wide—which left a deep track of a yard broad behind them as they passed through the land.

"Your memory's at fault, Michel," remarked the elder traveller, an Irish "boy" of about forty summers, and six feet two in his socks, who, besides having undergone an experience of fifteen years in his native land, had been twenty-five in the backwoods.

"Non, vraiment, my memory be not at fault, Bryan," replied the other, who was a lively Canadian half-breed; "de log hut be here for certain; I sure of dat, mais not quite so sure of de spot. Ha! vat is dat I see? oui, over to de left, Bryan. You see dat tall pine, wid the top someting like your own nose? De hut close to dat. Allons! Come along, boy."

"May be yer right," returned the Irishman, unbelievably, as he strode after his companion; "but I've a kind o' notion that we'll have to slape out in the snow to-night as usual."

"Bien, ver good! Ve have camp out in de snow for tree weeks; can ve not do it encore?"

Bryan had a dog with him, lately picked up from a trader, and quite new to these parts. Poor Tippoo left the search to his more experienced master, and trudged quietly in the rear.

In a quarter of an hour they reached the hut. It was the perfection of dreariness—a complete ruin, in the midst of a small clearing—doorless, windowless, and with a roof that threatened to yield beneath its load of snow. It was of the smallest possible dimensions, and was once the woodcutters' hut of a fur-trading outpost that had been attacked by Red Indians, pillaged, burnt, and the traders murdered in cold blood years ago.

The short-lived sun of these high latitudes had just gone down, and the light that remained was scarcely sufficient to enable our travellers to make their way among the fallen trees and stumps that protruded from the snow-drifts.

"Cowl'd comfort, Michel; but we'll put a new face to it in no time. Out with yer tinder-box, lad, and I'll clear away the drift that seems to have made itself at home here for some time past."

"Ah!" sighed Michel, looking round contemplatively, "I vas a boy here."

"Troth, ye must think me intellects is small, for ye've towld me that twenty times to-day already."

"Vell, dat is twenty-one times now. I have not yet told you, Bryan, how it vas come to pass dat de fort here vas taken, and all de people mordered."

"That's true; but it'll kaaape till supper's ready. Have ye got a light yet?"

"Oui, here, voila."

"Fire away then, lad; clap it to them sticks, and look out for yer whiskers: fire is a close shaver."

Up sprang the red flame joyously, like a bright spirit glad to be called back to reanimate its former dwelling. There was a mud fire-place and chim-





"SUDDENLY A LOUD NOISE BURST FROM THE CHIMNEY, AND THE SLEEPERS SPRANG TO A SITTING POSTURE, WIDE AWAKE."

ney in that hut, and the way in which the flames rushed up it, and the pyrotechnic display of sparks that burst out continuously from it, was a sight to behold. It was a rude chimney; rough hands had formed it out of the coarsest materials, without the aid of line and plummet; but it had a wide capacious fire-place, out of all proportion to the diminutive apartment it was designed to warm. The fire, in former days, had loved it well, and, true to its ardent nature, it loved it still. It roared up it with wild delight; and, while thus lovingly renewing acquaintance with its old familiar chimney, it sent out a blaze of gratified surprise on the two backwoodsmen who had called it into being, and scattered rays about the hut in all directions, darting across the floor, and into the corners, and up among the crazy rafters, and in below and round about the four shelves along the walls that were the sleeping-bunks of old; and then, as it grew fiercer and stronger, it sent forth an amount of heat that would soon have melted all the intrusive snowdrift had not the two men previously cast it out.

Now it was that our travellers began to enjoy themselves over venison steaks and tea, and now it was that Michel began, between mouthfuls, to relate the events of his early career, and particularly that prominent incident when the savage Indians attacked and murdered all the people at the place, with exception of himself and two men, who, being at this very hut at the time, heard the firing at the fort, and, on finding that their aid came too late, slunk back into the forest and made their escape. Michel waxed so graphic that Bryan began to cast uneasy glances at the doorway.

"Shut up your potato-trap, lad; I'm tired o' yer stories o' blood and murder. Clap on another billet and make a daacent blaze. Troth, ye've made me feel like a little girl hearin' a ghost story."

"Bien, I vill stop; but I love to tink of old days."

"Think to yerself, then, and hand me the baccy. I'll take one more pipe and turn in."

"Ver good," replied Michel, heaping wood on



the fire and refilling his own pipe. But the fascination of horrible stories was upon them, and ere long they again plunged into the thick of the fight at the old fort, in which they continued—the one intensely graphic, the other deeply attentive—until a gust of wind blew down the leafy screen of the doorway, causing them both to leap up with electric energy and seize their guns.

"Bah!" exclaimed Bryan, replacing his weapon in the corner of the chimney, with the air of a man who was half ashamed of himself; "be done wi' the Redskins, Michel. I do belaeve we'll start at our own shadows nixt. Let's turn in."

The branches were quickly replaced in the doorway, fresh logs were heaped on the fire, which roared up the chimney again with renewed energy, and the trappers, having laughed at the excited state into which they had wrought themselves, and having resolved to have done with such nonsense and think no more about it, spread their blankets in one of the bunks, and with thankful hearts for such comfortable shelter, went off to sleep with the thoroughgoing intensity of wearied lusty men. Tippoo, after turning himself round and round, after the manner of dogs, had already composed himself to rest.

Thus they lay slumbering until the fire burned low, and the red-hot embers, with now and then a flickering flame that seemed loath to die out, cast a deep red and uncertain light over the floor and opposite wall, while the corners lay in thick obscurity.

Suddenly a loud noise burst from the chimney, sharp, short, and sudden. The sleepers sprang to a sitting posture, wide awake, instantly, and seized their guns, while their distended eyeballs glared inquiringly round the room. Tippoo cowered close up to his master for protection.

"Hist! Michel, did you hear—"

The words were cut short by a startling crack; then came a tremendous crash, beneath which the little hut trembled, and the embers of the fire were struck from the hearth and scattered over the apartment, which was instantly involved in almost total darkness.

Quick almost as the flash of their own pieces, Bryan and Michel burst simultaneously through the frail doorway, plunged through the snow into the woods, and each seeking the shelter of the nearest tree, threw forward their guns and gazed earnestly at the hut.

There it stood, like a black spot in the pale field of snow, scarcely visible in the obscurity of night, while all around it was still and motionless as the grave. For several minutes the backwoodsmen stood crouching, prepared to meet the foe, and more than once taking aim at dark shadowy forms that seemed to their startled imaginations to be prowling savages.

At length Bryan's patience gave way, and, creeping cautiously to the tree behind which his companion was ensconced, whispered: "Ho! Michel, lad, sure it must be ghosts; Redskins would ha' found us out before now."

"Oui, vraiment, truly. And, now I am recovered myself—for such a row drove all de wits out

of me body—I quite sure there be no Injins here apresent. Dey not come here in winter; mais what can it be?"

"I'm goin' to see, anyhow. We'll be froze to death if we stay here much longer. If it's ghosts, I'll clap me two eyes on them for wance in me life. Bide ye here, lad, and keep yer eye and hand ready. If ye see wan o' the spalpeens, put a bullet through it."

Bryan spoke half jestingly, but, to say truth, he felt in no jocular mood just then. He knew that there was little likelihood of Indians being in that neighbourhood, and was besides aware that, for many years past, the Red men of the forest and the white traders had been on the best of terms. Still, this sudden crash, to say the least of it, was alarming and unaccountable, and to approach a spot in the dead of a dark night, in which a mysterious enemy of some sort might possibly be concealed, was decidedly unpleasant and trying to the nerves. But it had to be done, and Bryan did it—cautiously, and slowly, and warily, and with many a start, until he reached the door of the hut and peered in. Just then a puff of wind blew the few embers that remained into a flame. Bryan took advantage of this opportune light and burst in. Next moment his piece exploded, and the report was followed by a loud roar.

Michel's blood ran cold as he sprang forward to the rescue. Leaping through the doorway, he found Bryan sitting on one of the bunks, holding his sides and exploding with outrageous laughter.

"Ah! Michel, boy," he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak, while he pointed to the hunting-coat of his comrade that hung against the wall. "Lucky ye were out of it! sure, in me haste to fire first, I put a ball through the neck o' yer coat, that I took for a Redskin; and look there, lad, there's the raison of the row," he added, pointing to the floor of the hut, which was covered with a mass of broken rock and stones.

Michel's visage expanded into a benign grin of intelligence as he exclaimed, "Ah! it is one *cache*!"

Yes, reader, ghost stories always come to nothing! The awful black phantom, with outstretched arms, and horns, and horrible countenance, *invariably* on investigation becomes a tree stump; and the mysterious lady in white *always* dwindles into a sign-post or a snow-wreath. As it is in England, so is it in the lands of the far north. The mysteries of the log hut were simple. In days gone by it had been used by hunters as a *cache*, that is, a place in which to conceal and secure provisions from the depredations of wild animals. They had blocked up the doors and windows with logs, and filled the chimney with one or two immense masses of stone, for the claws of the wolverine are long and strong. Afterwards the windows and door had been cleared, but the chimney was left untouched. The roaring fire of our backwoodsmen had gradually consumed the logs that supported the stones. These eventually gave way, as we have seen, and fell with a crash into the hut, thereby carrying sudden terror to the hearts of Bryan and Michel. On recovering their composure, the rough huntsmen again, with thankful hearts, prepared to rest their weary limbs.

## OPERATIVE CO-OPERATION.

THERE are few matters so important, in connection with a working man's respectability and domestic comfort, as those which are involved in the prudent and economical management of his income. How to make the most of his honest earnings? That is really almost a vital question of all whose lot it is "in the sweat of their face to eat bread." The workers in the mass have sadly neglected this question, and failed in their duty regarding it, and the consequence has been that they and their families have suffered in a thousand ways. They have been made the victims of unprincipled speculators, who have adulterated their goods and sold them deleterious compounds for food; they have been seduced into debt and trammelled with obligation, and thus compelled to perpetuate a system of dealing which calculates upon absorbing the fruits of their labours and thrives by doing it. By their recklessness in this respect, they have made themselves a kind of quarry which any unscrupulous trafficker can work to his advantage, and which is at this moment so worked to an extent almost incredible, and to the continued pecuniary embarrassment of multitudes who ought to be and might be independent.

Now, nothing is more certain than that it is in the power of all working men in regular employment to free themselves, and those who are dependent on them, from such an incubus as this, and even to put money in their pockets by so doing, if they choose; and this paper is designed to show them how, by the example of others. Such an experiment has lately come under our notice; and as it has been in all respects decidedly successful, we shall narrate its brief and pleasant history, in the hope that wherever it shall be read, workers who stand in need of a like deliverance will in like manner achieve it for themselves.

In a western city, rather densely peopled, some operatives employed in a large establishment became, with good reason, discontented with the manner in which they were compelled to spend their wages. They knew that they were eating unwholesome bread, and nauseous butter and cheese; that their tea, when examined, exhibited half a dozen different botanical specimens, and was unfit to drink; that their butcher's meat was often unfit to eat; while every condiment they used, save the salt alone, was something more or other than it pretended to be. They saw that they were cheated at the "general" shop, and that they were deemed a fair prey by all who sought their custom, while at the same time they were paying a high price for everything—a price which ought to have secured them the best, and to have left a large margin for profit besides. Having learnt by the newspapers and the cheap serials what the workers had done in Rochdale and other places in the north, they resolved also to free themselves from so galling an oppression; and it is worth while to remark here how they set about it—both what they did *not* do, and what they *did*. They did not make out a *case*, and go begging and borrowing for assistance; they did not apply to any benevolent philanthropist or friend of the working classes to put himself at

their head and take them into leading strings; they did not go for funds to any capitalist; and, lastly, they did not go blundering into debt. No. Instead of adopting either of these popular plans of business, they simply set about helping themselves. Some twenty or thirty of them had a quiet meeting, and discussed the project; and having settled a mode of proceeding, each man put down his one sovereign towards the working capital, and then they offered shares at a sovereign each to as many of their companions as liked the investment—the shares not being confined to a single workshop, but open to any working-man who might choose to become a shareholder. All the capital needed—some fifty or sixty pounds—was soon subscribed, and forthwith they commenced operations. There was no difficulty in obtaining a commodious apartment in a back street, which made a very good store, at a rent under twenty pounds a year; and a trusty manager was also easily found, who, for the salary of a pound a week, would transact the whole business of buying and selling. The plan of ready money payments for everything was rigidly adhered to; nothing ever bought of the merchant without discount on money down; nothing sold over the counter, not even to committee-man or shareholder, without the cash. Consequently, the accounts were few and easy to keep; the record of sales and purchases, and the periodical balancing of both, being the chief thing to be done in this way. The management was by a committee chosen by the shareholders, who examined the accounts and had a monthly audit.

The speculation succeeded from the very first; in fact, it is difficult to imagine how it could fail, seeing that it was nothing less than a shop with assured custom, with no debt or incumbrance, and with no expenses for puffing, for show, or for the maintenance of luxury of any kind. In the commencement, the store was only opened in the evening for the accommodation of the workmen or their wives; but the genuineness and the superiority of the goods soon drew other custom, and the trade, all in ready money, largely increased. It increased, indeed, so fast, that the committee and shareholders were tempted to enlarge their establishment and engage additional hands; but this they, perhaps wisely, refrained from doing, preferring rather to promote the establishment of other and similar stores in different parts of the city, each under independent management and on its own responsibility. In less than a twelvemonth the original shareholders have all received back their one pound deposits, the store is abundantly supplied with groceries and other goods, and, although they sell to all customers their unadulterated articles at a rate considerably below those charged at the general shop for the sophisticated wares, they have a respectable surplus of cash in hand, promising a welcome bonus to the shareholders when dividend day comes round.

Contrasting the present condition of these workmen with what it was before the establishment of the co-operative store, you will perceive a very striking difference. They will tell you that their own health and that of their families has wonderfully improved under the system of providing for themselves; that they enjoy their food with far more relish than for-

merly; that they rarely trouble the dispensary or the doctor; that the practice of paying ready money for everything has made them far more prosperous, because it has made them far more prudent and economical, than they ever were when it was the easiest thing in the world to get into debt, and the hardest thing to get out of it. The advantage they have derived is indeed greater than some of them are aware of: they have raised themselves in the social scale; they have stepped out of the dependent class into the ranks of the independent; and it is not improbable that some of them may have to date the outset on the road to wealth and reputation from the period of their co-operation in this commercial compact.

We trust that some of our industrial friends may be moved by the above brief recital to inaugurate the same kind of co-operation where it is needed. We shall give them but a word or two of advice. Begin modestly, never mind upon how small a scale, and without going into debt. Do not be tempted into cutting a dash: remember that nearly all good things grow up by degrees. If you proceed on the plan detailed above, you can do nobody any mischief, and will be sure by perseverance, and by not expecting too much, to do yourselves and your families some good.

#### THE SHADELESS SHORE.

We have a much-loved friend; a few brief years  
We walk beside him down the path of life;  
And then 'tis over, and he steps before,  
Or else we see our friendship changed to strife.  
Thank God, amid the dying loves of earth,  
We can behold a land where deathless love has birth!

We have a home; a circle round our hearth,  
And merry sounds and pleasant sights are there;  
The year goes round—there is an empty place,  
The fire is out, the festive board is bare.  
But o'er death's river, on the shadeless shore,  
A home is gathering to be destroyed no more.

The eye is bright, the cheek is warm and fair,  
Youth, health, and pleasure rush through every vein—  
One day's sharp agony, or months' long woe,  
Bids beauty bow down in the shrine of pain.  
Thank God, no dire mischance, no creeping ill,  
With anguish and with woe our Father's mansions fill.

We bask ourselves in wealth's luxuriant court,  
Darkness and hardness are to us unknown;  
Then suddenly we wake from our bright dream,  
And riches and their fairy train are flown.  
How sweet to know that on the changeless shore,  
Diadems of fadeless gold are laid for us in store.

And oftentimes on life's tempestuous sea,  
When our frail barques are tossed by wind and wave,  
We should be carried down the whirlpool there,  
Did not a vision from afar off save;  
A bay where we our fragile boats shall moor,  
The dreary voyage passed, the raging tempest o'er.

There are no scattered homes in that far land;  
No riven friends, no agony nor pain,  
No broken hearts, nor treacherous fortune there;  
No darksome graves, where life-long love is lain,  
No trial, no temptation, and no sin;  
The ransomed race of men to angels are akin.

Heed not the thorns that strew thine heavenward way;  
Press onward, upward, glorious is the prize;  
Forget thy sorrows; o'er thy ruined home,  
Beyond thy lost friend's grave, lift up thine eyes,  
To Him who, when life's troubled dream is o'er,  
Will welcome thee at last upon the shadeless shore.

WINNIE.

#### I DO REMEMBER.

I do remember all the glad young faces  
In that old home which is my home no more,  
And all the garden nooks and sunny places  
Wherein our pastime hours were spent of yore:—

Our May games lengthened in the summer gloaming,  
Till ghost-moths in the grass were all awake;  
And far behind us on our homeward coming  
In the low fields we heard the meadow-craik:—

Our silent rambles 'mid the fading glory  
Of autumn forests, robed in red and brown,  
When the first frosts upon the grass were hoary,  
And through the silence fell the sere leaves down:—

The forms that round our hearth were wont to gather  
On stormy winter eves of sleet and snow—  
Sister and brother, servant, friend, and father,  
Voices and footsteps passing to and fro—  
I do remember.

Into our Eden, Change, the mighty, enters  
With flaming sword our backward way to bar;  
And now our lives revolve around new centres,  
And each beholds the other from afar.

Yet, I remember still the sweet old story  
My childhood gathered from its Bible leaves,  
'Tis with me in the winter grim and hoary,  
And in the loneliness of summer eves;

That He, who on the earth, a man of sorrows,  
In his own heart a world's great burden bore,  
Spoke of a land where are no days or morrows,  
And bade us store our heart's affection there.

And oh! methinks that when our God and Father  
Has drawn us one by one into his rest,  
Soul unto kindred soul again will gather,  
And we will often say, among the bless'd:

"We do remember  
The love that bound us, 'mid the lights and shadows  
Of that earth home, so dim and yet so dear,  
And how through light and shade our Father led us  
Into the brightness of his presence here."

IOTA.

#### THE LIFE-FLEET.

IN allusion to three-score years and ten being the general limit of human life while hale and active, Addison, in one of his popular papers, the "Vision of Mirza," compares it to a bridge of seventy tolerably firm and entire arches. Individuals occasionally survive even to the term of a century, or a little longer, but it is under manifest infirmity; and hence several broken arches are supposed to be connected with those entire at one extremity of the bridge, making the total number about a hundred. "I saw multitudes of people passing over it," said Mirza, "and a black cloud hanging over each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath; and, upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they dropped through into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire."

This ingenious and truthful allegory was probably suggested by Dr. Holey's Life-table, then newly compiled, and the first ever devised; for he who led the way in tracking the comet's course through regions of invisibility, and predicting its return at a certain date, did so likewise in following the outflow of human life, and computing the respective lengths of the current, in the instance of great groups of mankind subject to known conditions. But this may now be done with much greater accuracy than what was then possible; so that out of a large promiscuous number who are born at the same



time, or, to keep up the figure, who emerge from the cloud, and enter on the bridge simultaneously, it can be stated with tolerable exactitude to how many the "trap-doors" and "pit-falls" of the first arch will prove treacherous, or who will die the first year; how many will reach the centre of the imaginary structure, or attain middle life; and what proportion will travel on to the broken arches at the far extremity, or survive to the period of hoary hairs and tottering footsteps.

But another view of the subject may be taken, not less interesting, suggested by the report of the Registrar-General, and founded upon his figures, which are of course to be taken as approximate estimates.

Let us suppose 100,000 born in England at the same date, say the next New-year's day, the 1st of January, 1861. They shall not be picked lives, but belong to all ranks and classes of society. Some are born in palaces and mansions, surrounded by all the conveniences and luxuries which riches command, with every relief at hand to arrest the first symptoms of sickness. Others in huts by the mountain-side, in village cottages and homesteads, in lodging-houses of towns and cities, or such dwellings as are ordinarily found in them. According to the usual proportion between the sexes, 51,274 of the gross number will be boys, and 48,726 will be girls. They may be compared to a fleet of 100,000 vessels, setting sail together from the same shore, consisting of two grand divisions, one of males, which may be called the red squadron, another of females, which we may indicate as the white. It will be observed that the latter is numerically inferior to the former.

An array of diseases peculiarly beset the beginning of life, comparable to sunk rocks, shoals, and breakers along shore, the causes of shipwreck, while in many cases infants are sickly by constitution, and may be likened to ill-furnished craft, rendering disaster more imminent. Hence, at the expiration of the first year, or on the 1st of January, 1862, the fleet will number 85,269 sail, having lost 14,631; and the red squadron will have suffered more than the white, tending to equalize the two divisions, for mortality in infancy is greater among boys than girls. The first month is by far the most fatal, about one-fourth of the loss sustained occurring in that interval. During the second year, 5267 will be added to the vanished ones, leaving 80,102 for the number of the survivors on the 1st of January, 1863.

But let us go on to the end of five years, during which period children are at home, under the care of their parents. Life and health then very much depend upon the ability of their natural guardians to supply food and raiment; upon the air they respire, whether that of ill-ventilated rooms and close alleys, or the free fresh atmosphere; and in no slight degree also upon maternal cleanliness and watchfulness. Happy the child, if the mother, caring for the welfare of the body, is likewise carefully addressing herself to a nobler task.

"Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,  
Telling of Him who sees in secret there;  
And now the volume on her knee has caught  
His wandering eye—now many a written thought,  
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,  
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat."

At the close of the five years, January 1, 1866, the numbers will stand, total loss 25,799, surviving 74,201. During the next five years, when children leave home more, and are at school, the mortality is less considerable, and remains small through the succeeding quintuple

period, when those who have to labour with their own hands begin to enter the factory, follow the plough, or descend into the mine.

These fifteen years bring us to January, 1876, when the fleet will number 68,627 sail. The white squadron will now begin to suffer rather more than the red, lasting through the next five years, during which the loss of life is somewhat greater among girls than boys. The lapse of another quintuple era completes a quarter of a century; and, by January, 1886, the two squadrons will be nearly equal, consisting of 31,958 males to 31,623 females, making a total of 63,581. This is the average age of marriage. But if the peculiar danger which besets women at this era enhances their mortality, that of the men is more than correspondingly increased by causes of death to which they are specially exposed. There are fatal accidents on the rivers and sea-coast, in mines, in travelling, in the streets, and in their dangerous occupations, with the influence of close workshops, exhausting toil, the wear and tear of mental application and business anxieties. After the lapse of fifty-five years, or by January, 1916, this generation will have given birth to and brought up the generation by which it is to be succeeded, when a more rapid rate of mortality will set in, and upwards of a thousand die every year.

From this epoch the mortality of women is less than that of men; and by three-score years and ten, or January, 1931, the white squadron is numerically superior, numbering 12,708 sail, to 11,823 belonging to the red, making a total of 24,531 still afloat. Much more than half of these will have gone down when four-score years have passed, some 9398 remaining on the 1st of January, 1941. But they have lost their gay appearance and gallant attire. No longer,

"Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,  
Before the gale she bounds."

The patched sails are in shreds and tatters; the spliced cordage is incurably worn out; and all the timbers are ready to start asunder. Every wind threatens to break up the old, creaking, weather-beaten vessels, and every wave to engulf them. The number rapidly reduces with every year. Still some sixteen may struggle on, as against wind and tide, to near the close of a century; a very few of these just survive it; and one of each squadron may perhaps linger to 105 years, or to January 1966, when the last relics of the great fleet of 100,000 finally disappear.

Truly is life to all men a voyage, and time the sea on which they are sailing. However we may be able to calculate its term in the instance of masses of population, it is utterly unknown in the case of individuals; but that it will come to an end which is ever approaching, is one of the gravest certainties of human existence. No question is more pertinent to the close of another year, or more worthy of serious entertainment, than the inquiry, "Whither are we bound?" and no work is so important as that quaintly suggested in the lines:—

"Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,  
That rock of souls immortal; let loose thy cord;  
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;  
Eye thy great pole-star; make the land of life."

The voyage will then terminate with a delightful prospect in full view of the soul.

"Land ahead! its fruits are waving  
On the hills of fadeless green,  
And the living watersaving  
Shores where heavenly forms are seen."

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

r own  
gh, or

en the  
on will  
asting  
of life  
lapee  
ntury;  
nearly  
mak-  
mar-  
nen at  
nen is  
death  
fatal  
ravel-  
tions,  
toil,  
siness  
Janu-  
o and  
suc-  
et in,

than  
Janu-  
erior,  
red,  
than  
years  
uary,  
i gal-

oliced  
s are  
break  
every  
with  
n, as  
ry; a  
quad-  
1966,  
nally

ea on  
le to  
ation,  
t that  
s one  
ques-  
ar, or  
quiry,  
rtant

spect